

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

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Review of New Books.

Views of Society and Manners in America; in a Series of Letters from that Country to a Friend in England, during the Years 1818 and 1820. By an Englishwoman. 8vo. pp. 523. London, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertion in the title-page, and the attempted confirmation of the cheat in the dedication, we feel no hesitation in expressing our decided conviction, that this work is neither by an Englishwoman, nor by any woman at all. It bears the most conclusive evidence of its being the production of an American—a genuine American, republican in principle, conceited and arrogant in opinion, and illiberal in sentiment. We might adduce a hundred instances to prove the transatlantic origin of the author, but one or two shall suffice. Would an Englishwoman detail the defeat of the British fleet on Lake Erie, in a more exaggerated manner than the most republican journal of the United States ever did? and even admitting this, would she exclaim, 'I dwell on this splendid engagement with pleasure?' The cheat here betrays itself, and reminds us of a life of General Benningsen, by a Russian; in one of the first pages of which he speaks of Shakespeare as his countryman. But to our author; we are told that an European said to an American farmer, 'where are your ruins and your poetry?'—'There are our ruins,' replied the republican, pointing to a revolutionary soldier, who was turning up the glebe; 'and there,' extending his hand over the plain that stretched before them, smiling with luxuriant farms and little villas, peeping out from beds of trees, 'there is our poetry.' We wonder the European did not adopt Mr. Burchell's expressive phrase, and answer this republican nonsense by 'fudge.' The next paragraph, too, is very English, at least as English as true. 'It is men of substance, possessed in clear property of from five hundred to five thousand pounds, who now attempt the pas-

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sage of the Atlantic. I fear that the policy of England is cutting away the sinews of the state.' Now it is notorious, that for one emigrant to America with 5000l. or even 500l. there are several hundreds with barely the means of paying their passage there. Again:—

'The American enters the western wilderness skilled to vanquish all difficulties, and understanding to train his children in the love of their country, founded upon a knowledge of its history and an appreciation of its institutions; he is fitted to form the advanced guard of civilization; the foreigner, in general, will be better placed in the main body, where he may himself receive instructions, and imbibe feelings suited to his newly assumed character as a citizen of a republic.'

One instance more of the English feeling which pervades these 'Views':

'During the war, when a body of American militia had repulsed a party of invaders, and were pursuing them to their ships, the commanding officer suddenly called them from the pursuit. A citizen, surprised and irritated at the order, seeing the possibility of cutting off the retreat of the enemy, reproachfully observed, that ere they could gain their boats, two thirds might be dead or prisoners. "True," calmly replied the other, having first enforced the order for retreat, [an order of this sort seldom required enforcing in the republican army,] 'we might, possibly, with the loss of a dozen men, have deprived the enemy of some hundreds, but what would have been the dozen?—sons, husbands, fathers, and useful citizens. And what would have been the hundreds?—men fighting for hire. Which loss in the balance had weighed the heaviest?'

How kind and considerate in this American colonel, who was so sparing of English blood, that he would not purchase the sacrifice of some hundreds of enemies, with the loss of a dozen citizens. To make the story more complete, we would advise this Englishwoman, should *he* ever relate the story afterwards, to add that Jackson, the American Hannibal, (as he has been facetiously called,) was the name of the commanding officer, in order to show that he sometimes possesses other feelings than those which marked his un-

punished murder of the English merchants, Arbuthnot and Armbrister.

The instances we have quoted, we think, amount to the proof positive that the writer is an American; the collateral proofs are still more numerous, and betray themselves on every occasion, where either England or the United States are mentioned. The ladies of America, we are told, possess the most solid attainments, and the modern and even the dead languages,—their manners are marked by sweetness, artlessness, and liveliness,—their dress is elegant and costly, but made with strict regard to decency. The citizens of Philadelphia and New York, are what we certainly never heard them accused of before—courteous to strangers; and have a great regard to morals and fair dealing. Having cautioned our readers, that the imputing the authorship of this work to an Englishwoman is, as Lord Grizzle says, 'all a trick,' and that its statements must be received with great suspicion, we proceed to make a few extracts. Our author visited Utica, a town scarcely twenty years old, and which now aspires to be the capital of the state of Albany. An innkeeper at Utica, at whose door fifteen stages now stop daily, eighteen years ago carried the solitary and weekly mail in his pocket to Albany:—

'Leaving Utica, the country assumes a rough appearance, stumps and girdled trees encumbering the inclosures; log-houses scattered here and there; the cultivation rarely extending more than half a mile, nor usually so much on either hand; when the forest, whose face is usually rendered hideous to the eye of the traveller by a skirting line of girdled trees, half standing, half falling, stretches its vast unbroken shade over plain, and hill, and dale—disappearing only with the horizon. Frequently, however, gaining a rising ground, (and the face of the country is always more or less undulating,) you can distinguish gaps, sometimes long and broad, in the deep verdure, which tell that the axe and the plough are waging war with the wilderness. On the fifth day from that of her departure from Albany, brought our traveller and her companions to Auburn. The villages at the head of

the different lakes, Skeneatalas, Cayuga, Seneca, Onondaga, and Canadaigua, are all thriving, cheerful, and generally beautiful; but Canadaigua bears away the palm. The land has been disposed of in lots of forty acres each, one being the breadth, running in lines diverging on either hand from the main road. The houses are in all delicately painted: their windows with green Venetian blinds, peeping gaily through fine young trees, or standing forward more exposed on their little lawns, green and fresh as those of England. Smiling gardens, orchards laden with fruit,—quinces, apples, plums, peaches, &c. and fields, rich in golden grain, stretch behind each of these lovely villas; the church, with its white steeple, rising in the midst, overlooking this land of enchantment. The increase of population, the encroachment of cultivation on the wilderness, the birth of settlements, and their growth into towns, surpasses belief, till one has been an eye-witness of the miracle, or conversed on the spot with those who have been so. All here wears so much the gloss of novelty, all around you breathes so much of the life and energy of youth, that a wanderer from the antique habitations of time-worn Europe, might look around, and deem that man here held a new charter of existence; that Time had folded his wings, and the sister thrown away the shears.

The mode in which the contents of the post-bag are usually distributed through the less populous districts, is amusing:—

‘I remember,’ says the writer, ‘when taking a cross cut in a queer sort of a caravan, bound for some settlement on the southern shore of Lake Erie, observing, with no small surprise, the operations of our charioteer; a paper flung to the right hand, and anon a paper flung to the left, where no sight or sound bespoke the presence of human beings. I asked if the bears were curious of news; upon which I was informed, that there was a settler in the neighbourhood, who ought to have been on the look-out, or some of his children for him. “But when I don’t find them ready, I throw the paper under a tree, and I warrant you they’ll look sharp enough to find it; they’re always curious of news in these wild parts;” and curious enough they seemed, for not a cabin did we pass that a newspaper was not flung from the hand of this enlightener of the wilderness. Occasionally making a halt at some solitary dwelling, the post-bag and its guardian descended together, when, if the assistance of the farmer, who here acted as post-master, could be obtained, the whole contents of the mail were discharged upon the ground, and all hands and eyes being put in requisition, such letters as might be addressed to the surrounding district, were scrambled out from the heap; which, being then again scrambled together, was once more shaken into the leathern receptacle, and

thrown into the waggon; but it sometimes happened that the settler was from home. On one occasion, I remember, neither man, woman, nor child was to be found: the stage-driver whistled and hallooed, walked into the dwelling, and through the dwelling, sprang the fence, traversed the field of maize, and shouted into the wood; but all to no purpose. Having resumed his station, and set his horses in motion, I inquired how the letters were to find their destination, seeing that we were carrying them along with us, heaven knew where? “Oh! they’ll keep in the country any how; it is likely, indeed, they may go down the Ohio, and make a short tour of the states; this has happened sometimes; but it is a chance but they get to Washington at last, and then they’ll commence a straight course anew, and be safe here again this day twelvemonth, may be, or two years at farthest.”

Between Rochester and Lewistown, there are now several villages, though five years ago there was but a single log-house. Our author says,—

‘A citizen, who got into the stage during the morning for a dozen miles, and who united the professions of doctor and farmer, and painter also, if I understood right, told me that he had five-and-thirty patients within the stretch of one mile. This may convey to you some idea at once, of the rapid settling of the country, and the physical evils that the first occupiers of the soil have to encounter. We did not enter a house in which there were less than two of the family either in bed, or looking as if they ought to be there. The autumn is always the trying season, and the prolonged and extreme heats of the summer months have this year doubled its usual fatality. These evils, dreadful while they last, are, however, but temporary; as the axe and the drain advance into the forest, the *mal’aria* recedes. It would recede more rapidly, as well as more certainly, if the new settlers would contrive to do without, or at least with fewer mills. The collection of the waters from the creeks and the swamps, soon brought, by the action of a powerful sun, to a state of putrefaction, increases tenfold the deadly air already spread by nature.’

A few miscellaneous extracts, and we shall conclude:—

Taverns.—‘On arriving at a tavern in this country, you excite no kind of sensation, come how you will. The master of the house bids you good day, and you walk in; breakfast, dinner, and supper are prepared at stated times, to which you must generally contrive to accommodate. There are seldom more hands than enough to dispatch the necessary work; you are not, therefore, beset by half-a-dozen menials, imagining your wants before you know them yourself; make them known, however, and if they be rational, they are generally answered with tolerable readiness, and I have inva-

riably found with perfect civility. One thing I must notice,—that you are never any where charged for attendance. The servant is not your’s, but the innkeeper’s; no demands are made upon you, except by the latter; this saves much trouble, and, indeed, is absolutely necessary in a house where the servant’s labour is commonly too valuable to be laid at the mercy of every whimsical traveller; but this arrangement originates in another cause,—the republican habits and feelings of the community. I honour the pride which makes a man unwilling to sell his personal service to a fellow creature; to come and go at the beck of another; is it not natural that there should be some unwillingness to do this? It is the last trade to which an American man or woman has recourse; still some must be driven to it, particularly of the latter sex, but she always assumes with you the manner of an equal.’

A pretty recommendation, truly, for a servant; one thing, however, we must say, that this account of the influence of the republican principles on servants, is by no means exaggerated, but, we believe, rather too faint a picture. Of Birkbeck’s colony, in the Illinois, we are told, on the authority of two American gentlemen who visited the settlement, that,—

‘Its situation possesses all those positive advantages stated by Mr. Birkbeck; that the worst difficulties have been surmounted, and that these have always been fewer than what are frequently encountered in a new country. The village of Albion, the centre of the settlement, contains at present thirty habitations, in which are a bricklayer, a carpenter, a wheelwright, a cooper, and a blacksmith; a well-supplied shop, a little library, an inn, a chapel, and a post-office, where the mail regularly arrives twice a-week. Being situated on a ridge, between the greater and little Wabash, it is, from its elevated position, and from its being some miles removed from the rivers, peculiarly dry and healthy. The prairie in which it stands, is described as exquisitely beautiful; lawns of unchanging verdure, spreading over hills and dales, scattered with islands of luxuriant trees, dropped by the hand of nature with a taste that art could not rival; all this spread beneath a sky of glowing and unspotted sapphires. “The most beautiful parks of England,” my friend observes, “would afford a most imperfect comparison.” The soil is abundantly fruitful, and, of course, has an advantage over the heavy-timbered lands, which can scarcely be cleared for less than from twelve to fifteen dollars per acre; while the Illinois farmer may, in general, clear his for less than five, and then enter upon a much more convenient mode of tillage. The objection that is too frequently found to the beautiful prairies of the Illinois, is the deficiency of springs and streams for mill-seats. This

is attended with inconvenience to the settler, though his health will find in it advantage. The nearest navigable river to Albion, is the Wabash, eight miles distant; the nearest running stream, that is not liable to fail at mid-summer, the Bonpaw, four miles distant. The stock-water in ponds, for cattle, my correspondent judged, was liable to run dry in a few weeks; and the settlement apprehended some temporary inconvenience from the circumstance. The finest water is every where to be raised from twenty to twenty-five, or thirty feet from the surface; these wells never fail, but are of course troublesome to work in a new settlement.

Our last extract, for in remark we have done already, contains an account of a visit, paid by our traveller, to Joseph Bonaparte, whose residence is near Bordertown, on the Jersey shore of the Delaware river:—

‘It is a pretty villa, commanding a fine prospect of the river; the soil around it is unproductive, but a step removed from the “pine-barren;” the pines, however, worthless as they may be, clothe the banks pleasantly enough, and, altogether, the place is cheerful and pretty. Entering upon the lawn, we found the choice shrubs of the American forest, magnolias, kalmias, &c. planted tastefully under the higher trees which skirted, and here and there shadowed, the green carpet upon which the white mansion stood. Advancing, we were now faced at all corners by gods and goddesses, in naked, I cannot say majesty, for they were, for the most part, clumsy enough. The late General Moreau, a few years since, according to the strange revolutions of war-stricken Europe, a peaceful resident in this very neighbourhood, and who re-crossed the Atlantic to seek his death in the same battle which sent here as an exile the brother of the French emperor;—this general, in the same Parisian taste, left behind him a host of Pagan deities of a similar description, with a whole tribe of dogs and lions to boot, some of which I have seen scattered up and down through the surrounding farms. Two of these dumb Cerberuses are sitting at this moment over the side of a neighbouring gentleman’s door, and the family use them as hobby horses.’

* * * * *

‘Count Survillier (he wears this title, perhaps, to save the awkwardness of Mr. Bonaparte), soon came to us from his workmen, in an old coat, from which he had barely shaken off the mortar, and (a sign of the true gentleman) made no apologies. His air, figure, and address, have the character of the English country gentleman—open, unaffected, and independent, but perhaps combining more mildness and suavity. Were it not that his figure is too thick-set, I should perhaps say, that he had still more the character of an American, in whom, I think,

the last enumerated qualities of mildness and suavity are oftener found than in our countrymen. His face is fine, and bears so close a resemblance to that of his more distinguished brother, that it was difficult at the first glance to decide which of the busts in the apartment were of him, and which of Napoleon. The expression of the one, however, is much more benignant; it is, indeed, exceedingly pleasing, and prepares you for the amiable sentiments which appear in his discourse. The plainness and urbanity of his manners for the first few moments suspended pleasure in surprise; and even afterwards, when, smiling at myself, I thought, “and what did I expect to see?” I could not still help ever and anon acknowledging that I had not looked to see exactly the man I saw. I felt most strangely the contrast between the thoughts that were fast travelling through my brain, of battles and chances, ambition and intrigues, crowns and sceptres—the whole great drama of his brother’s life passing before me—I felt most strangely the contrast between these thoughts and the man I was conversing with. He discoursed easily on various topics, but always with much quietness and modesty. He did and said little in the French manner, though he always spoke the language, understanding English, he said, but imperfectly, and not speaking it at all. He expressed a curiosity to become acquainted with our living poets; but complained that he found them difficult, and inquired if there was not often a greater obscurity of style than in that of our older authors. I found he meant those of Queen Anne’s reign. In speaking of the members of his family, he carefully avoided titles; It was “Mon frere Napoleon, ma sœur Hortense,” &c. He walked us round his improvements indoors and out. When I observed upon the amusement he seemed to find in beautifying his little villa, he replied, that he was happier in it than he had ever found himself in more bustling scenes. He gathered a wild flower, and, in presenting it to me, carelessly drew a comparison between its minute beauties and the pleasures of private life; contrasting those of ambition and power with the more gaudy flowers of the parterre, which look better at a distance than upon a nearer approach. He said this so naturally, with a manner so simple, and accent so mild, that it was impossible to see in it an attempt at display of any kind. Understanding that I was a foreigner, he hoped that I was as much pleased with the country as he was; observed that it was a country for the many, and not for the few, which gave freedom to all and power to none, in which happiness might better be found than any other, and in which he was well pleased that his lot was now cast.

‘The character of this exile seems to be much marked for humanity and benevolence. He is peculiarly attentive to sufferers of his own nation—I mean France; is careful to provide work for

the poorer emigrants; and to others, affords lodging, and often money to a considerable amount. His kindness has, of course, been imposed upon, in some cases so flagrantly that he is now learning circumspection, though he does not suffer his humanity to be chilled. This I learned from his American neighbours. I left Count Survillier, satisfied that nature had formed him for the character he now wears, and that fortune had rather spited him in making him the brother of the ambitious Bonaparte.’

The Celt's Paradise, in Four Duans.

By John Banim. 12mo. pp. 122. London, 1821.

THE ‘Celt's Paradise’ is founded on an acknowledged anachronism, that of making St. Patrick, whose abode in Ireland was towards the end of the fourth century, a cotemporary with Ossian, who lived a century before him. The poem embraces many of the legendary traditions respecting the bard, which are not unhappily introduced; but its poetic merit is scarcely sufficient to atone for its general inconsistency, although it presents some claims to originality. We quote one extract; it relates to a vision of Ossian, which he describes to the saint, and is a favourable specimen of the author’s talents, really possessing considerable beauty:—

‘Yes!—swift as the wild wind that gives it its motion,

We travelled the waste of the desolate ocean—
And how proudly I rode on the back of the billow,

With her lip for my kiss and her breast for my pillow!

‘We came to a land where the light of the world

Hath brightest his standard of summer unfurled,—

We touch it—we pass it—we traverse its scope
Like the glancing of thought or the gleamings of hope!

‘I have no memory of the things,
I saw or met in that fearful flight—

They only make strange visitings,
To my sleeping thoughts in a dream of night—
Yet half I remember as we past

A desert of sand outstripping its blast,
Of savage shapes and forms of fear

That came to look on us too near—
And the hungry glaring of their eyes

Half yielded to a stern surprise,
To see such rapid travellers there,

Or hear us hurrying thro’ the air.

‘And on!—The blue hills backward fly,—
Trees, rocks, and the world and all glance by!—

And once as I gave a farewell look
To the old sun I had forsook,

He seemed as if rushing down the sky,
To drink the depths of the ocean dry,

And finish his long and lonely reign,
And never light up the world again.

‘On, on! And we came to the last cold shore
That aged sun is shining o’er—

It was a scene of feature wild—
 Its rocks in random ruin piled—
 And towers of ice and hills of snow,
 Mocking the wither'd waste below.
 Yet there, all beautiful and bright,
 The sun was shedding his chastened light—
 It seemed as if faithless trees and flowers,
 That vary with the varying hours,
 And eyes and cheeks that change at will,
 And worldly hearts more fickle still,
 Had tired him with their dull deceit,
 And he no more would lend them heat
 Or light or life—but hither came,
 To shine on things that, cold and tame,
 And shapeless, and strange as they might be,
 Smiled always in white constancy.
 And there away from house and tower
 He spent his silent noon-tide hour,
 All sportively: his soft beam fell
 On many a glancing icicle,
 And kindled up each crystal height,
 With rainbow hue and chequered light.
 And I thought he wished no other eye
 To gladden at a scene so high,
 But all in solitude smiled to see
 The play of his own pleasantry.

'On, on!—That spangling scene is past,
 And we have left the world at last!
 I cannot tell you if we went
 Upward or down—thro' firmament,
 Or wind or water—air or light;—
 It was even as a vision of night,
 When youthful hearts that pant for heaven,
 Dream of some rich and rosy even,
 Upon whose perfumed breeze they rise,
 Like the mist of the hill in summer skies.—
 I saw not, touch'd not, aught but her,
 Who was my bosom's comforter,
 In that rash flight—enough for me,
 To feel her clasp me tenderly,
 And with her kisses call from death
 The flutterings of my failing breath—
 O then! in what a keen delight,
 We shot upon our airy flight—
 Like the lone comet calm and fair,
 Cleaving the silent realms of the air!—
 I said I knew not aught was there—
 Nor saw a shape, nor heard a sound
 In all the voiceless space around;—
 Yet have I thought—a half-dreamt thought,
 That far and doubtfully I caught,
 While in our rush of silence hurled
 A parting glance of my native world—
 'The stars were up—and weak and small,
 They twinkled round a darkened ball;
 I strove to fix them on my sight,
 And, as I looked, their points of light
 Lengthened to lines, that quick and slight
 Traversed each other, and entwined
 Like a maiden's tresses in the wind—
 And still I look and still they glance,
 And mingle in their misty dance—
 And faint and fainter, and now they fly—
 And now they fail, and now they die—
 And they and the spot they woke to light
 Have melted from my swimming sight!—
 One earthly sigh I gave to part,
 From the world that warmed my youthful
 heart.—

'And on, and on!—But how or where?
 I felt no motion in the air,
 And I think no breeze was busy there;
 But I was swathed as in a mist,
 That the morning sun-beam has not kissed;
 And I was hurled as in a wind,
 That all but leaves a thought behind —.

'On, on!—and have we not touch'd at last,
 Some gentle substance as we pass'd?—

I thought our flight less fearful now,
 And I looked upon my spirit's brow
 To read its smile—O well I knew
 My own heart's thought reflected true!—
 And smoother still we glide along,
 Smooth as the gushing flow of song;
 The velvet sod we press at last,
 The gathered mist aside is cast,
 And arm in arm, and hand in hand,
 We wander thro' her own bright land!"

The notes which are appended to the volume, shew Mr. Banim, who is the author of the tragedy of Damon and Pythias, to be well read in the authentic and legendary history of Ireland.

Biographia Hibernica. A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, from the earliest period to the present time. Written and Compiled by Richard Ryan. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1135. London, 1821.

LAST week, we noticed the 'Lives of Eminent Scotsmen,' a work which presents strong claims to support; and it now falls to our lot to say a few words respecting the 'Worthies of Ireland,' a publication which every son of Erin must dwell on with delight. We might, perhaps, object to the terms 'eminent' and 'worthies,' as implying something rather too superlative for general biography, but they must be taken in a qualified sense. The editors of both these works have strong national feelings, but not too strong for impartial biographers and historians. The 'Scotsman' exults in the number of men his country has produced 'eminent in arts or arms, in letters or in science;' and while Mr. Ryan laments over the misfortunes of his country with patriotic feeling, he appeals to biography 'as the vindicator of an unhappy people, and brings in the dead to plead their cause,' glorying that the darkest periods of Ireland's history have been rich in men of talent, whose memory should not be forgotten.

To speak of the utility of such a work is quite unnecessary; and where the object is so laudable, we should not be over fastidious as to its execution. To us, however, it appears that Mr. Ryan is an honest biographer,—a faithful chronicler; that he has not sought to adorn his heroes with virtues they never possessed, but has been anxious to give honour where honour is due, and to exhibit each character fairly and impartially. It is this which makes biography valuable; and we would rather have a dozen pages of facts relating to an individual, than a whole volume of dissertations. The first volume of the 'Worthies,' which extends no farther than the letter

C. is rich in important lives, and contains memoirs of Burke, Boyle, Barry, Brook, Brien, Boirumhe—the glory and grace of his age; Berkeley, 'to whom every virtue under heaven;' the Butlers, Curran, Carolan the bard, Centlivre, &c. &c. It is not, however, from the lives of individuals so well known that we shall make our extracts, but principally from the neglected biography in which these volumes have rescued many names. We may, however, observe, that in the more extended memoirs, and where originality cannot be expected, Mr. Ryan has presented the most important facts in an agreeable form. The first extract we make on account of its embracing a *jeu d'esprit*, and some lines by Moore:

'Joseph Atkinson was a man who fully merited the epithet "worthy;" and truly sorry are we to inform our readers, that, with almost every particular of his life, we are wholly unacquainted.

'He was a native of Ireland, and was treasurer of the Ordnance, under the administration of the Earl of Moira. He was the intimate of Moore, Curran, and the rest of the galaxy of Irish genius; and was himself a poet of more than ordinary ability, as the following *jeu d'esprit*, addressed to his friend Moore, on the birth of his third daughter, will evince:—

"I'm sorry, dear Moore, there's a damp to your joy,

Nor think my old strain of mythology stupid,

When I say, that your wife had a *right* to a boy,

For Venus is nothing without a young Cupid.

"But since Fate, the boon that you wish'd for, refuses,

By granting three girls to your happy embraces,

She but meant, while you wandered abroad with the Muses,

Your wife should be circled at home by the Graces!"

'He died in Dublin, at the age of seventy-five, in October, 1818, and was sincerely regretted by all who knew him; being admired by the young for his conviviality, and respected by the aged for his benevolence and numerous good qualities.

'The following beautiful lines, from the pen of his intimate, Moore, are intended to be engraved on his sepulchre:—

"If ever lot was prosperously cast,
 If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
 Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
 'Twas his, who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,

The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,
 Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,
 And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

"Pure Charity that comes not in a shower,
 Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds;

But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

"The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by Fortune given;
That, wander where it will, with those it
loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a hea-
ven!"

"All these were his—Oh! thou who read'st
this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky,
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die."

'Anthony Barnewall, a young officer of great promise, was the youngest son of John, eleventh Lord Trimlestown. The religion of this family precluding all possibility of his rising to eminence in his native land, he retired in his seventeenth year into Germany, where he entered the imperial service, in which he continued until his decease, in September, 1739. The following account of him is given in a letter from a general in the imperial service, to Viscount Mountgarrett:—"Amongst all those brave men who have lost their lives at the battle of Crotzka, none is so much lamented by all as Mr. Anthony Barnewall, the Lord Trimlestown's youngest son: he came into Germany in General Hamilton's regiment of cuirassiers, when his good sense, humility, good nature, and truly honest worthy principles, gained him the love and esteem of all who had the least acquaintance with him; we have had scarce any action of any note with the Turks that he was not in, and always acquitted himself with uncommon resolution. The day before the said battle he was made a lieutenant; the next fatal day, the regiment in which he had his commission, was one of the first that charged the enemy; at the very first onset, his captain and cornet were killed, *when he took up the standard, tore off the flag, tied it round his waist, and commanded the troop; he led out twice to the charge, and was as often repulsed; the third time, he turned himself to his men, and said, 'Come on, my brave fellows; we shall certainly now do the work: follow me.'* He then set spurs to his horse, and pursued into the thickest of the enemy, where he was surrounded, defending himself for a considerable time with amazing courage; at last he fell quite covered with wounds, and dying, left such an example of true courage and bravery, as cannot fail of being admired by all who shall hear of it."

The life of Captain John Barrett, a brave but unfortunate seaman, terminates with a melancholy narrative. He perished on board the *Minotaur*, a seventy-four gun ship:—

'In the spring of the year 1810, the *Minotaur* sailed again for the Baltic, and was principally employed in escorting the different convoys from Hanno to Deershead. At the close of the season she again took charge of the homeward-bound convoy (the *Plantagenet*, seventy-four,

Captain Ellis, escorting the rear,) a charge destined to be her final act of service, and in which she was most lamentably to fall by shipwreck. The evening before she struck, the *Plantagenet* telegraphed to her, and hauled to the westward; but the master and pilots of the *Minotaur*, too confident of their reckoning, unfortunately stood on. At nine o'clock that night she struck on the Hakes so violently, that it was with great difficulty the midshipmen and quartermasters gained the deck. The scene of horror that now presented itself can only be conceived by those who witnessed it.

'The ship's company, almost naked, were sheltered from the severe cold and heavy sea by the poop, and the greatest exertions were made to get out the boats, the quarter ones having been stove and washed away. By cutting down the gunnel the launch was got off the booms, into which one hundred and ten men crowded; at this time the appearance of the ship, nearly covered by the sea, and having only the main-mast standing, was truly pitiable. The launch, with great difficulty, reached the shore.—The yawl was next got out, but immediately sunk, from the numbers that crowded into her, with the natural desire to avail themselves of the smallest chance of escaping from a state of inevitable destruction.

'Thus cut off from all prospect of escape, the only desire apparent in those who remained was, to clothe themselves in their best suits. The captain of marines and surgeon had themselves lashed in a cot that hung in the cabin, and two of the officers followed their example with the utmost composure.

'At length came the awful stroke—and the sea washing through the belfry, tolled the funeral knell. The captain of the main-top, who was saved on the main-mast, said, he saw Captain Barrett to the last exhorting the men to patience; he was standing on the poop, surrounded by them, when a dreadful sea destroyed every remnant of the ship, and closed his meritorious and useful life.

'Through the whole of this melancholy scene, the conduct of Captain Barrett did honour to his station. From the commencement to its fatal termination, he evinced the most heroic coolness; during which time no possibility of saving the ship had ever existed. The pilots seem to have been deficient in knowledge of the ship's track, for they opposed the warning of the *Plantagenet*, and differed, after the ship struck, in opinion, whether she was on the Smith's Knowl or the Hakes; Captain Barrett decided for the latter, and the ensuing dawn, by a distant view of land, confirmed it. In the course of this dreadful night, an officer, in the eagerness of exertion, occasioned some disturbance; Captain Barrett said to him, "Sir, true courage is better shown by coolness and composure—we all owe nature a debt—let us pay it like men of honour."

'The fate of Lieutenant Salsford was distinguished by a singular circumstance, which we cannot forbear recording:—A large tame wolf, caught at Aspro, and brought up from a cub by the ship's company, and exceedingly docile, continued to the last an object of general solicitude. Sensible of its danger, its howls were peculiarly distressing. He had always been a particular favourite of the lieutenant, who was also greatly attached to the animal, and through the whole of their sufferings he kept close to his master. On the breaking up of the ship, both got upon the mast.—At times they were washed off, but by each other's assistance regained it.—The lieutenant at last became exhausted by continual exertion, and benumbed with cold.—The wolf was equally fatigued, and both held occasionally by the other to retain his situation. When within a short distance of the land, Lieutenant Salsford, affected by the attachment of the animal, and totally unable any longer to support himself, turned towards him from the mast; the beast clapped his fore-paws round his neck, while the lieutenant clasped him in his arms, and they sunk together.'

To pass from 'grave to gay,' we quote a laughable anecdote, relating to James Barry, the celebrated painter, premising that he had invited Mr. Burke to dine with him at a small house he occupied in St. Martin's Lane. Mr. Burke accepted the invitation, and kept his appointment:—

'When he rapped at the door, however, *Dame Ursula*, who opened it, at first denied that her master was at home; but on Mr. Burke's expressing some surprise and announcing his name, Barry overheard his voice, and ran down stairs in the usual trim of abstracted genius, utterly regardless of his personal appearance: his scanty grey hair, unconscious of the comb, sported in disordered ringlets round his head; a greasy green silk shade over his eyes, served as an auxiliary to a pair of horn-mounted spectacles, to strengthen his vision. His linen was none of the whitest, and a sort of *roquelaure* served the purposes of a *robe de chambre*; but it was of the composite order, for it was neither *jockey-coat*, *surtout*, *pelisse*, nor *tunic*, but a mixture of all four; and the *chronology* of it might have puzzled the Society of Antiquarians to develop. After a welcome greeting, he conducted his eloquent countryman to his dwelling-room on the first floor, which served him for kitchen, parlour, study, gallery, and painting-room; but it was at that moment so befogged with smoke, as almost to suffocate its phthisical owner, and was quite impervious to the rays of vision. Barry apologized; and the bungling chimney doctors; hoped the smoke would clear up, as soon as the fire burned bright; and was quite at a loss to account for "such an infernal smother," until Mr. Burke, with some difficulty, convinced him he

was himself the cause: for, in order to remedy the errors of his chimney, he had removed the old stove grate from the fire-place into the centre of the room, where it was sustained by a large old *dripping pan*, by way of a platform, to save the carpet from ignition; and he had been occupied for half an hour with the bellows to cheer up the coals to a blaze. He was now prevailed on to assist his guest in removing the grate to its proper situation, and the windows being thrown open, the smoke soon vanished. He now proceeded to conduct his guest to see his pictures in certain apartments on the higher story, where many exquisite pieces without frames, stood edgewise on the floor, with their fronts to the walls, to guard them from injury; and, by the aid of a sponge and water, their coats of dust were removed, and their beauties developed, much to the delight of the guest.—Having lectured *con amore* upon the history and merits of the paintings, his next object was to display to his guest the economy of his bed-room: the walls of this apartment, too, were occupied by frameless pictures, veiled in perennial dust, which was likewise sponged off, to develop their beauties, and display some first-rate gems of the art. In a sort of recess, between the fire place and the wall, stood a *stump bedstead* without curtains, and counterpaned by a rug, bearing all the vestiges of long and arduous service, and tinted only by the accumulated soil of half a century, which no scourer's hand had ever prophaned. "That, sir," said the artist, "is my bed; I use no curtains, because they are unwholesome, and I breathe more freely, and sleep as soundly as if I reposed on down, and snored on velvet.—But there, my friend," continued he, pointing to a broad shelf, fixed high above the bed, and fortified on three sides by the walls of the recess, "*that is my chef-d'œuvre*.—Ecce, I have outdone them at last."—"Outdone whom?" said Mr. Burke—"The rats, the d—d rats, my dear friend," replied Barry, rubbing his palms in ecstasy, "they beat me out of every other security in the house—could not keep any thing for them, in cupboard or closet; they devoured my cold meat, and bread and cheese, and bacon: but there they are now, you see, all safe and snug, in defiance of all the rats in the parish." Mr. Burke could not do less than highly commend his invention, and congratulate him on its success. They now descended to the first room; Barry, whose only *clock* was his *stomach*, felt it was his dinner hour, but totally forgot his invitation, until Mr. Burke reminded him of it:—"Ods-oh! my dear friend," said he, "I beg your pardon: so I did invite you, and it totally escaped my memory.—but if you will sit down here and blow the fire, I'll step out and get a charming beef-steak in a minute." Mr. Burke took the bellows to cheer up the fire—and Barry his departure, to cater for the banquet. And, shortly after, he re-

turned with a comely beef-steak, enveloped in cabbage leaves, crammed into one pocket; the other was filled with potatoes; under each arm was a bottle of port, procured at Slaughter's Coffee-house; and in each hand a French brick. An antique gridiron was placed on the fire, and Mr. Burke performed the office of cook; while Barry, as butler, set the table, which he covered with a table cloth, perfectly *geographical*; for the stains of former soups and gravies had given it the appearance of a map of the world. The knives and forks were veterans *brigaded* from different sets, for no two of them wore the same uniform, in blades, handles, or shapes. *Dame Ursula* cooked the potatoes in *Tipperarian* perfection, and by five o'clock, the hungry friends sat down, like *Eneas* and *Achates*, to make a hearty meal: after having dispatched the "*pinguem ferinam*," they whiled away the time till nine o'clock, over their two flaggons "*veteris Bacchi*," "And jok'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd of former times."

Mr. Burke has often been heard to declare, that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days of his whole life.

There is one memoir in this work, which may be disputed by the editor of the '*Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*;' it is that of Dr. Black, the celebrated professor of chemistry in the University of Glasgow. Dr. Black was born in France, but his father was a native of Belfast, and descended from a Scotch family. Mr. Ryan's reason for introducing him among the '*worthies of Ireland*,' if admitted, might authorize him to extend the field very widely: he says—"it would be an act of flagrant injustice, not only to the individual, but to posterity, to exclude the imperishable name of Black, from the trivial circumstance of Ireland not having been the spot of his birth." We always thought such a trivial circumstance of great importance in these matters, but it appears we were wrong, and a distinguished individual may be claimed by any country. The lives of Burke, Curran, and the Earl of Charlemont, which are the most laboured in the volume, are highly interesting, but we shall conclude, for the present, with an anecdote relating to Andrew Cherry, the actor, and the author of the '*Soldier's Daughter*,' and other dramatic pieces:

'In the town of Athlone, we are told, a circumstance of particular distress attended our hero; but which he bore with all the magnanimity that dramatic ardour could inspire. The business of the theatre was suspended for a short time, in consequence of the benefits having turned out badly: the manager was resolved not to waste any more bills, but wait for the races, which were to commence in a few

days. Our hero being of a timid and bashful turn, and assisted by a portion of youthful pride, was incapable of making those advances, and playing off that train of theatrical tricks, by which means benefits are frequently obtained in the country, and, therefore, he had been less successful than many of his brethren. His landlady, perceiving there was no prospect of payment, satisfied herself for the trifle already due, by seizing on the remnant of our hero's wardrobe; and knowing she could dispose of her lodgings to more advantage during the races, turned him out to the mercy of the winter's wind, which he endured with all his former philosophy. He rambled carelessly about the streets, sometimes quoting passages to himself, both comic and serious, that were analogous to his situation, but without forming one determined idea of where he was to rest his houseless head. Towards the close of the evening, he strolled by accident into the lower part of the theatre, which had formerly been an inn, and was then occupied by a person whose husband had been a serjeant of dragoons, for the purpose of retailing refreshments, &c. to those who visited the theatre. After chatting until it grew late, the woman hinted to our hero that she wished to go to bed, and begged he might retire; upon which he replied, in the words of Don John, "I was just thinking of going home, but that I have no lodging." The good woman, taking the words literally, inquired into the cause, with which he acquainted her without disguise. Being the mother of a family, she felt severely for his distressed situation; at that time he did not possess a single halfpenny in the world, nor the means of obtaining one. The poor creature shed tears of regret that she could not effectually alleviate his misfortune. He endeavoured to assume a careless gaiety; but the woman's unaffected sorrow brought the reflection of his own disobedience to his mind, and he dropped tears in plenteous libation: in his grief he saw the sorrow of his parents, whom he had deserted, to follow what he began to perceive a mad career, in despite of the many unanswered remonstrances he had received, with a fair promise of forgiveness and affection, should he return to his business. This philanthropic female lamented that she could not furnish him with a bed, but offered to lend him her husband's cloak, and to procure a bundle of dry hay, that he might sleep in an empty room in her house. His heart was too full to pay his gratitude in words; his eyes thanked her; he wept bitterly, accepted her kind offer, and retired to rest. The intruding any further on her kindness was painful to him, as she was struggling to maintain a numerous offspring. He therefore carefully avoided the house at mealtimes, and wandered through the fields or streets, until he supposed their repasts were finished; at last, so overcome by fasting and fatigue, that he could

not rest, he rose from his trooper's cloak in the dead of the night, and explored the kitchen, searching the dresser and all its shelves and drawers, in hopes of finding something that might satisfy the cravings of his appetite, but in vain. On his return to his hay-truss, he accidentally struck against the kitchen table, the noise of which he feared might alarm the family; and, uncertain of the real cause of his leaving his apartment at that hour, they might naturally suppose that his purpose was to rob the house, as a reward for their hospitality; the idea added to the misery he then suffered; he trembled, he listened, but all was quiet; and then renewed his search, (for his hunger overcame his fears,) and to his gratification he found a large crust of stale bread, which he was afterwards informed had been used for rubbing out some spots of white paint from the very cloak that composed his bedding; he, however, ate it with avidity, as he was entering on the fourth day without the least refreshment, and returned heartfelt thanks to Providence, whose omnipotent hand was stretched in the very critical moment, to save him from the most direful of all possible deaths—starving! (To be continued.)

The Cook's Oracle: containing Receipts for Plain Cookery on the most Economical Plan for Private Families; also, the Art of Composing the most Simple and most highly-finished Broths, Gravies, Soups, Sauces, and flavoured Essences, &c. The whole being the result of actual Experiments instituted in the Kitchen of a Physician. The Third Edition, which is almost entirely re-written. 12mo. pp. 464. London, 1821.

We really take shame to ourselves for having suffered a work of such real merit, on a subject of such vast importance, as the 'Cook's Oracle,' to pass to a third edition before we noticed it. We call this an important subject, for although we do not deem eating the proper study of mankind, yet without the practice of it all other studies would soon be at an end; nor let our good housewives take offence if we deem cookery a profound art, and one that requires great attention, good taste, and nice discrimination; for, we are assured, there are not less than 'seven chances against even the most simple dish being presented to the mouth in absolute perfection; for instance, a leg of mutton. 1st. The mutton must be good; 2nd. Must have been kept a good time; 3rd. Must be roasted by a good fire; 4th. By a good cook; 5th. Who must be in a good temper; 6th. With all this felicitous combination, you must have good luck; and 7th, Good appetite. The

meat, and the mouths which are to eat it, must be ready for each other at the same moment.' If any doubt could exist as to the importance of cookery, after the instance we have quoted of the sevenfold difficulties attending one of its simplest operations, we might refer to the highest authorities. We might quote Archestratus; we do not mean the gentleman of that name who was so small and lean that he could be placed in a tart-dish without filling it, but—

'Archestratus the bard,
Who sang of poultry, venison, and lard'

He who was a follower of Epicurus, who traversed land and sea in quest of the choicest productions for the gratification of the palate: who wrote a poem on gastronomy, and deemed it useless to hold any communication with men who could give no elucidation on this subject. Need we name Apicius, who spent a million and-a-half of money in the composition of sauces, and finding that he had not above a plumb* and-a-half left, poisoned himself for fear of being starved. Shall we refer to the profusion of Helio-gabalus, Lucullus, or Ahasuerus—to Domitian, who assembled the senate to decide how to dress a turbot, or to the Emperor Claudius, who—

'Found the imperial palate tickled
By love of glory less than mushrooms pickled.'

If emperors and princes were not of sufficient authority for our grave readers, we might pass to the philosophers; for, as Shakespeare declared he never found a philosopher who could endure the tooth-ach patiently, so our author protests that he has not yet overtaken one who did not love a feast. It is not merely as lovers of good eating and drinking that we are to consider all who have written in their praise, but many of them have deigned to enlighten the world on the subject, and it is a matter of fact, that the best books of cookery have been written by physicians, e. g. Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir Theodore Mayerne, Professor Bradley, Sir John Hill, whose work, yclept 'Mrs. Glasse's Cookery,' has had more readers than all his other productions; Dr. Le Cointe, Dr. Hunter; and last, not least, Dr. Kitchiner, the author of the 'Cook's Oracle.' And never since eating first came into fashion, was there any person who devoted his attention so largely or so successfully to the rationale of good living as this gentleman. He has stu-

* Our city readers know that a plumb is 100,000l.—country gentlemen may thank us for this note.—REV.

died with the spit in one hand and the pen in the other, and made himself fully acquainted with the practical part of the philosophy of the kitchen. He has endeavoured to illustrate this 'most useful art' of cookery, 'because he knew not how he could employ some leisure hours more beneficially for mankind, than to teach them to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to increase their pleasures without impairing their health, or impoverishing their fortune.' He has considered the art of cookery not merely as a mechanical operation, fit only for working cooks, but, as the analeptic part of the art of physic, to teach—

'How best the fickle fabric to support
Of mortal man,—in healthful body how
A healthful mind, the longest to maintain.'

The aim of the author of the 'Cook's Oracle' is, as he assures us, 'to render food acceptable to the palate, without being expensive to the purse or offensive to the stomach,—nourishing without being inflammatory, and savoury without being surfeiting; constantly endeavouring to hold the balance even between the agreeable and the wholesome—the epicure and the economist.' The author is not a mere theorist, and he declares that 'he has not printed one receipt that has not been proved in his own kitchen, which has not been approved by several of the most accomplished cooks in the kingdom, and has moreover been eaten with unanimous applause by a Committee of Taste, composed of some of the most illustrious gastropholists of this luxurious metropolis.'

We confess we have not the honour of belonging to Dr. Kitchener's Committee of Taste, and it will not be expected that an author in his kitchen (garret) should be able to put in practice the five hundred and seventy-four receipts which the 'Cook's Oracle' contains; though we cannot deny that we have frequently indulged ourselves with a 'devilled biscuit,' prepared *secundum artem*, and have even once or twice ventured on the 'Devil' himself. Our experience of the doctor's cookery extends still farther: we have a friend, a female friend, whom we occasionally visit, who treats our pampered appetite with many 'tit bits,' which owe their origin to the 'Cook's Oracle,' and so far as our experience can enable us to form a correct opinion, we pro-

* A dish made of the gizzard, rump, or legs, of a dressed turkey, capon, or goose, peppered, salted, and broiled. See Receipt No. 538.—REV.

nounce them all the very best we have tasted.

In noticing the 'Cook's Oracle,' we shall not follow the author through his directions respecting the odoriferous and califacient repellents of roasting, boiling, frying, and broiling, all of which form distinct chapters, in which they are treated practically and scientifically; nor shall we quote one of the numerous receipts with which the work abounds, but confine ourselves to the introductory part. Notwithstanding the practical skill of the author, he did not venture to offer any observation of his own, till he had read all that he could find written on the subject; and this all extended to not less than two hundred and fifty volumes. These, however, are generally mere transcripts of each other, and could afford little real information to a gentleman of the extensive practical knowledge of our author, who not only tells us how to make good dishes, but how to procure a good appetite to enjoy them. The doctor is an economist as well as an epicure, and condemns all excessive preparation. He says,—

'It is your *second courses*—ridiculous variety of wines, liqueurs, ices*, desserts, &c.—which are served up to feed the eye—that overcome the stomach, and paralyze digestion, and seduce "children of a larger growth" to sacrifice the health and comfort of several days,—for the baby pleasure of tickling their tongue for a few minutes, with trifles and custards!!! &c. &c.

'Indigestion will sometimes overtake the most experienced epicure; when the gustatory nerves are in good humour, hunger and savoury viands will sometimes seduce the tongue of a "grand gourmand" to betray the interests of his stomach, in spite of his brains.

'On such an unfortunate occasion, when the stomach sends forth eructant signals of distress, for help, the *peristaltic persuaders* are as agreeable and effectual assistance as can be offered; and for delicate constitutions, and those that are impaired by age or intemperance, are a valuable panacea.

'They derive, and deserve this name, from the peculiar mildness of their operation. One or two very gently increase the action of the principal viscera, help them to do their work a little faster, and enable the stomach to serve with an ejection whatever offends it, and move it into the bowels.

'Thus indigestion is easily and speedily removed, appetite restored, (the mouths of the absorbing vessels being cleansed,) nutrition is facilitated, and strength of

* 'Swilling cold soda water immediately after eating a hearty dinner, is another very unwholesome custom.'

body and energy of mind are the happy results.—See "Peptic Precepts," from which we extract the following prescription:—

'To make *forty peristaltic persuaders*.
'Take—

'Turkey rhubarb, finely pulverized,—two drachms.

Syrup, (by weight,) one drachm,

Oil of caraway, ten drops, (minims.)

Made into pills, each of which will contain three grains of rhubarb.'

'The dose of the *persuaders* must be adapted to the constitutional peculiarity of the patient; when you wish to accelerate or augment the alvine excretion, take two—three—or more, according to the effect you desire to produce—*two pills* will do as much for one person, as *five or six* will for another; they will generally very regularly perform what you wish to-day, without interfering with what you hope will happen to-morrow; and are, therefore, as convenient an argument against constipation, as any we are acquainted with.

'The most convenient opportunity to introduce them to the stomach,—is early in the morning, when it is unoccupied, and has no particular business of digestion, &c. to attend to; i. e. at least half an hour before breakfast. Physic must never interrupt the stomach when it is engaged in digesting food.

'From *two to four persuaders* will generally produce one additional motion within twelve hours. They may be taken at any time by the most delicate females, whose constitutions are so often distressed by constipation, and destroyed by the drastic purgatives they take to relieve it.'

Of the duties of the host and his guests, our author says,—

'It is the most pleasing part of the duty of the master of the feast, (especially when the guests are not very numerous,) to take advantage of these moments to introduce them to one another, naming them individually, in an audible voice, and adroitly laying hold of those ties of acquaintanceship or profession which may exist between them.

'This will much augment the pleasures of the festive board, to which it is, indeed, as indispensable a prelude, as an overture to an opera; and the host will thus acquire an additional claim to the gratitude of his guests. We urge this point more strongly, because, from want of attention to it, we have seen, more than once, persons whom many kindred ties would have drawn closely together, pass an entire day without opening their lips to each other, because they were mutually ignorant of each other's names, professions, and pursuits.

'To put an end at once to all ceremony as to the order in which the guests are to sit, it will save much time and trouble if the master of the house adopts the simple and elegant method of placing the name of each guest in the plate which is intended for him. This proceeding will be of

course the result of consideration, and the host will place those together who he thinks will harmonize best.

'*Le Journal des Dames* informs us, that in several fashionable houses in Paris, a new arrangement has been introduced in placing the company at a dinner-table.

'“The ladies first take their places, leaving intervals for the gentlemen; after being seated, each is desired to call on a gentleman to sit beside her; and thus the lady of the house is relieved from all embarrassment of *étiquette*, as to rank and pretensions,” &c.

'But without doubt, says the journalist, this method has its inconveniences.

'“It may happen, that a bashful beauty dare not name the object of her secret wishes, and an acute observer may determine, from a single glance, that the *elected* is not always the *chosen*.”

'If the party is large, the founders of the feast should sit in the middle of the table, instead of at each end; thus they will enjoy the pleasure of attending equally to all their friends, and being in some degree relieved from the occupation of carving, will have an opportunity of administering all those little attentions which contribute so much to the comfort of their guests.

'If the guests have any respect for their host, or prefer a well-dressed dinner to one that is spoiled, instead of coming *half an hour after*, they will take care to make their appearance *a quarter of an hour before* the time appointed.

'The operations of the cook are governed by the clock,—the moment the roasts, &c. are ready, they must go to table, if they are to be eaten in perfection.

'An invitation to come at *five o'clock*, seems to be generally understood to mean *six; five precisely, half-past five*; and *not later than five*, (so that dinner may be on table within ten minutes after, allowing this for the variation of watches,) *five o'clock exactly*.

'Be it known to all loyal subjects of the empire of good living, that the Committee of Taste have unanimously resolved, "an invitation to E.T.A. B.E.T.A. P.I. must be in writing, and sent at least ten days before the banquet—and must be answered in writing, (as soon as possible after it is received,)—within twenty-four hours at latest," especially if it be not accepted; then, in addition to the usual complimentary expressions of thanks, &c. the best possible reasons must be assigned for the non-acceptance, as a particular pre-engagement, or severe indisposition, &c.'

Our author is one who takes due note of time: in his 'Invitations to Dinner,' he declares that, 'in affairs of the mouth, the strictest punctuality is indispensable; the gastronomer ought to be as accurate an observer of time as the astronomer. The least delay produces fatal and irreparable misfortunes.' His 'Advice to Cooks' is not like Dean Swift's Advice to Ser-

vants, but contains much useful and moral instruction; and while he recommends servants to be dutiful and attentive, he urges kindness and liberality as no less the duty of their employers.

As Dr. Kitchiner has come to the task with qualifications which no previous writer ever possessed, he has produced the best work that has been written on the subject of gastronomy. The 'Cook's Oracle,' in its progress to a third edition, has received justly the praise of nearly all the critics, and we willingly give it the testimony of our approbation.

PERCY ANECDOTES. PART XXIII.

THE last number of this neat little work is devoted to *War*; a field so extensive and so full of interesting anecdote, that we almost wonder the brothers Percy should limit the subject to a single part. They, however, appear to have been sensible that their unassuming little volume could embrace but a small portion of the 'disastrous chances,' 'moving accidents,' and 'hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach,' and therefore adopt an epigraph as modest as it is appropriate, when they term them *Anecdotes of War*:—

'A page of the great book of war
Where terror is deck'd so bravely, that the eye
With delight has scarce leisure to be afraid.'

In the selection of the anecdotes, the editors appear rather to have chosen those which related to remarkable incidents or circumstances of war, than traits of mere heroism, in which, however, it is by no means deficient.

The part is most fitly dedicated to the 'first captain of the age,' the Duke of Wellington, of whom an elegantly engraved portrait is given, though we have seen likenesses of him which we have preferred. The following are extracts:—

'*Different kinds of Fear.*—When the British under Lord Nelson were bearing down to attack the combined fleets off Trafalgar the first lieutenant of the *Revenge*, on going to see that all hands were at their quarters, observed one of the men devoutly kneeling at the side of his gun; so very unusual an attitude in an English sailor, exciting his surprise and curiosity, he went and asked the man if he was afraid? "Afraid!" answered the honest tar, with a countenance expressive of the utmost disdain, "No; I was only praying that the enemy's shot might be distributed in the same proportion as the prize-money, the greatest part among the officers."

'When the brave Corporal Caithness

was asked, after the battle of Waterloo, if he was not afraid, he replied, "Afraid! why I was in a' the battles of the Peninsula!" and having it explained that the question merely related to a fear of losing the day, he said, "Na, na, I did na fear that; I was only afraid we shou'd be a' killed before we had time to win it."

'*Piety respected.*—In an action with the French fleet, in 1694-5, Captain Killigrew, on coming up with the French vessel, *Content*, discovered that the whole of the crew were at prayers. He might have poured in his broadside with great advantage; this, however, he refused to do, saying, "It is beneath the courage of the English nation to surprise their enemies in such a posture." Poor Killigrew fell in the action.'

'*Mining.*—In the siege of Tournay, which, after twenty-one days, surrendered to the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, mining was resorted to by both the besiegers and the besieged, and the consequences were often dreadful. The English miners often met and fought with those of the enemy; and sometimes the troops, mistaking friends for foes, killed their fellow soldiers; sometimes whole companies entered the mines at the very moment they were ready primed for explosion. They were often inundated with water, suffocated with smoke, or buried alive in the cavities, and left to perish; and on some occasions, whole battalions were blown into the air, and their limbs scattered to a distance, like lava from a volcano. One day M. de Surville made a sally, and drove the besiegers from a post they had taken; but being repulsed, and one hundred and fifty men having taken possession of the lodgement, the enemy sprung a mine, blew them all into the air, and overturned all the gabions. On a subsequent day, an inhabitant of Tournay went to the Earl of Albemarle, and offered to discover one of the principal mines of the citadel, on condition that he would make him head gaoler of all the prisons in Tournay; this was agreed to, and the man performed what he had undertaken, so that three hundred men were posted in the mine, and eight hundred in the town ditch to support them; but in the middle of the night, M. de Megriguy sprung two mines, one immediately under the large mine, in which all the three hundred men, before mentioned, were stifled; the other threw up part of the ditch, and buried a hundred men.'

'*Respect for the Sanctuaries of the Dead.*—When the Swedish army under the command of Charles the Twelfth, was obliged to abandon Courland, and to surrender Mittau to the Russians, after a siege of fifteen days, the conquerors found, on taking possession of the place, that the tombs in the cathedral had been opened, and the remains of their princes scattered about the passages. Apprehensive that this profanation might be imputed to them, they refused to take possession of the temple, until a Swedish co-

lonel had given them a written acknowledgment, that this sacrilege was the act of his own countrymen.'

'*Wooden Artillery.*—Few narratives of sieges are more entertaining, than that given in the *Seir Mutakhereen*, of a fort which was defended by the use of wooden artillery, and defended effectually in one of Auringzebe's campaigns in the Decan. The commandant was nearly unprovided with cannon, having only one or two defective pieces. The town was, however, a great mart for timber. The governor securing both the timber and the carpenters, garnished his ramparts with wooden imitations of cannon; and being fully supplied with most other requisites when the imperial army arrived, put a good face on the business. He did more, too, for he kept the secret within his own walls; and the enemy, respecting the number of his train, commenced their approaches in due form, affording him thus abundance of leisure to mature his plan of defence. Every piece, as soon as fired, became, of course, unserviceable, but he immediately replaced it by a new one. The balls from the imperial batteries were returned with the utmost facility, as, however ponderous these were, our hero was able to supply pieces of any calibre, and send recochet shot, *selon les regles*, even with more effect than his enemy. The labours of the Carron foundry never produced more guns in a year, than this man's ingenuity did in one siege. The enemy, tired out, at last, with the obstinate defence which he made from his batteries, determined to carry the place by escalade in open day. Having failed, however, in some similar enterprises, a neighbouring saint was procured, who was to head the attack, and by the sanctity of his character, to inspire the soldiers with greater zeal in a desperate cause. The holy man was raised on a platform, and carried in the rear of the forlorn hope. The governor's good luck still adhered to him. A shot from a wooden gun, when the escaladers were nearly close to the walls, knocked down the saint, on which the party took to their heels. A delay ensued; the siege was at last raised, and the commandant covered with glory.'

'*Marlborough.*—It appeared from every circumstance of the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough, antecedent to the glorious battle of Blenheim, that he was resolved either to conquer or die on the field; and a short time before the action commenced, he devoted himself with great solemnity to the Almighty Lord and Ruler of Hosts, in presence of his chaplain, and received the sacrament. When the battle was concluded, his grace observed, that he believed he had prayed more that day than all the chaplains in the army.'

'*Disinterestedness.*—On the death of Marshal Keith, his brother, the Lord Marshal, wrote to Madame Geoffrin, "You can have no notion to what a vast

treasure I have succeeded by the death of my brother. At the head of an immense army, he had just levied a contribution upon Bohemia, and I find seventy ducats in his strong box!"

Just Resentment.—At the time of taking the castle of Bude, by Soliman, in 1529, the garrison, without defending itself, offered to capitulate, and obtained the honours of war. As they defiled, the Turks insulted them, and reproached them with a want of courage. A German soldier, unable to bear such a stigma, looked on a Janissary with a threatening air, and said, "What hast thou to reproach me with? I do not command; I obey." At the same time he drew his sword, and run him through the body.

Words.—After the battle of Jena, Bonaparte dined with Wieland, commonly called the Voltaire of Germany; and gravely conversed with him concerning the horrors of war, and the folly of shedding blood; and mentioned various projects for the establishment of a perpetual peace.

CRUELITIES OF THE FRENCH*.

THE circumstances which are particularly to be remarked respecting French cruelty are, that it is wanton, indiscriminate, mixed up with much levity, and that, contrary to the progress of inhumanity in other European nations, it has rather increased than diminished as civilization has advanced; for the massacres of later times have been at least as pitiless and ferocious, as any that occurred in the most barbarous periods. This persistency in a vice which, more than any other, is corrected by social improvement, forms one of its most characteristic features in France; and though it admits of an easy explanation, we must, for the present, confine ourselves to the fact. We will not dwell upon the monsters which that country produced in early times, as Fredegonde, Brunehault; or as Chilperic, the Nero of that country, and Clotaire II. Neither shall we mention the acts of some of their bad sovereigns of later date. It may be said that the utmost blame which can accrue to the people from such acts as these, is, that they tolerated the rulers who perpetrated them; and were either bad, or weak, or foolish enough to submit to governors who sported with their lives. To stamp inhumanity as a national vice, it must be shown to be the vice of the nation, not of its monarchs; and this again is a feature of French

* Extracted from an admirable article on the comparative character of the French and English, in the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, just published.

cruelty, that in no country of Europe has the bulk of the nation taken so active a part in massacres. It will, therefore, be sufficient to enumerate some of those in which the mass of the population was concerned, to maintain our assertion. The Cottreaux, under Philip II., are represented as laying waste first the environs of Bourges, and afterwards spreading much farther, flaying alive the priests, violating women before their husbands' faces, committing every kind of sacrilege and cruelty to such an extent that the monarch found it necessary to send an army to exterminate them—and they were exterminated. During the crusade against Raymond, Count of Toulouse, sixty thousand Albigenes were massacred, and seven thousand in a church. Simon de Montfort, whose humanity the Père Daniel thinks he cannot sufficiently eulogize, after the taking of Lavaur, threw the lady of the castle, alive, into a well, hanged her brother, murdered eighty gentlemen, her companions, and burned four hundred heretics, while the clergy were singing a hymn to the Holy Ghost. The Routiers, in 1185, were as cruel as the Cottreaux in 1183. The Pastoureaux, under St. Lewis, and during the regency of Blanche, committed still greater ravages, and murdered, with excessive cruelty, all who opposed them. These same Pastoureaux, who, in France, amounted to more than fifty thousand, and kept the whole country in terror and in blood, attempted to get a footing in England, but they never rose to any height; for they were immediately subdued, and the chiefs punished by the few sectaries whom they had seduced. Under Philip IV. Hainault was laid waste, and the count of that province revenged himself by burning, plundering, and violating all that he could reach; inso-much, says Velly, that one would have supposed that hordes of Tartars had combined to ruin Europe.

The following account is given of the Jacquerie, which began near Beauvais, in the reign of John. The peasantry, furious at the ill-treatment they said they had received from their superiors, flew to any arms they could find, and laid waste the whole country, murdering every person, not nobles only, but peasants, who refused to join them. Two hundred castles were burned, and their inhabitants massacred. But the nobles soon retaliated, and were as indiscriminate in their vengeance as the Jacques had been in provoking it.

The massacre in Paris, by order of Marcel, happened about the same time, as also the cruelties of the *grandes compagnies*, who, one after another, murdered all who stood in their way, and deluged France with blood. Under Charles VI., the Maillotins massacred at first the tax-gatherers, and afterwards all they met, and reduced Paris to the state of a town taken by storm. To this succeeded dreadful executions, too horrid and too numerous for open day; and many were put in sacks and thrown by night into the Seine. The massacres which took place in Paris, and in France, during the factions of Orleans and Burgundy, certainly surpassed the alternate proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, of Antony and Octavius; though history, which painted the latter as the most odious and destructive, has had the art to slur over the former; but the capital of Italy never, in the worst of times, presented such a scene of thoughtless profligacy and sanguinary levity, as many that occurred in the reign of Charles VI. In Rome, the nod of Marius was a sentence of death. In Paris, every man of the triumphant faction was a Marius, and murdered with a look. The historian (Velly), after recounting, in the course of a few pages, more confusion, cruelty, and bloodshed, and giving a more gloomy picture of Paris than ever London afforded, says, with much naïveté,—*Il y avoit eu jusqu'alors peu de sang versé;* and, indeed, in comparison with what followed, he is in the right, for it was after the scenes just mentioned that the worst massacres began. Disgusting as is the picture, we are compelled to delineate it, in order to show that in stating the point we meant to prove, we were neither intemperate nor unjust. The 12th June, 1418, was the memorable day on which the populace broke open the prisons; and forcing those who were confined there, Armagnacs, Bourguignons, debtors, criminals, guiltless, all to come out, slew them one by one: the Connetable, the Chancellor, seven prelates, the peers and magistrates of the parliament, with many of less note, were dragged from their dungeons and massacred. The prison of the Châtelet alone made some resistance, but it was set on fire, and at length it surrendered. The people rushed in, and either threw the prisoners or compelled them to precipitate themselves out of the windows, upon pikes which were held below to receive them. In the

court of the palace, the blood of the murdered flowed ankle deep, and there was not a street in Paris without its assassinations. Every man killed every enemy, or rival, or creditor he had.—Velly, vol. iii. p. 468. Every species of outrage was executed upon the dead bodies during three days; and a sash (*écharpe*) in the form of that worn as the badge of the triumphing faction, was cut for the Duke d'Armagnac, out of his own flesh, and hung across his corpse. Three thousand five hundred persons perished in three days; and the Septembrisers of the fifteenth century were applauded by the chiefs of the nobility, some of whom, it is said, gained three hundred thousand crowns by their exploits.—(Ibid. p. 471.) Immediately afterwards, the Queen Isabella of Bavaria, with the Duke of Burgundy, returned to Paris in triumph; and the streets, from which the blood, shed by her orders a day or two before, was not yet washed away, were strewn with roses for her solemn entry. The reign which followed put an end to the disturbances, and suspended, for a long time, the cruelty of the nation. One of the monarchs, however, whom they called the Grand Roi, was present at an execution of Calvinists, thus described by Daniel as an act of exemplary piety of Francis I.

'Le soir du même jour six coupables furent conduits à la place publique où l'on avoit préparé des feux pour les brûler. Il y avoit au milieu de chaque bucher une espèce d'estrade élevée où on les attachait; ensuite on alluma le feu au-dessous d'eux, et les bourreaux, lachant doucement la corde, laissoient couler jusqu'à la hauteur du feu ces misérables pour leur en faire sentir la plus vive impression; puis on les guindoit de nouveau en haut, et après leur avoir fait souffrir ce cruel tourment à diverses reprises, on les laissa tomber au milieu des flammes où ils expirèrent.'

Our Mary is justly stigmatized as a monster; yet we are not aware that she ever took the diversion of the stake in person; besides—and this alone may serve to mark the feelings of the two nations with regard to cruelty—we do not adore—we execrate her memory. During her reign, too, not more than 283 persons perished by religious persecutions; but Mezerai expresses himself thus in praise of Francis I.: 'Heretics in his reign, and by his order, were burned by dozens, sent to the galleys by hundreds, and banished by thousands.' The persecutions against the Waldenses, at Cabrieres, Merindole, Carcassone, &c., commanded by Francis, and executed by the Baron

d'Oppede, were attended with more numerous details of cruelty than all those under Mary; and in one single night more persons perished than in the five years and a half of her wretched reign.

The persecutions under Francis were the forerunners of all that happened in the ensuing reigns; and cruelty, which at this polished period, was very great in France, increased as the nation became more refined. The reign of Henry II. was full of religious persecutions. The strictest orders were given to the judges to show no mercy to protestants. Some of the parliament were put in prison for having proposed to moderate the penalties against them. All who interceded in their favour were considered as accomplices; and at the rejoicings for the birth of Charles IX.—a dreadful omen of his future reign—it was thought a proper accompaniment to the festival to make a bonfire of living heretics, which the monarch applauded from the windows of his palace; though it seems he was much affected when he heard the screams of his household tailor—one of the victims. The shorter reign of Francis II. was of course less bloody; but the name of Charles IX. is sufficient to call to mind all that is horrid. Beside the St. Bartholomew, which in England at least seems to have absorbed all indignation, there occurred, in his reign, the massacre of Vassy and a civil war, which summed up in a very small space of time, much more blood and cruelty and murder, than our entire wars of the Red and White Roses. The age of Lewis XIV. witnessed the massacres at the Hotel de Ville, when the people, too impatient to make distinctions between friends and foes, massacred all they met, Mazarines and Frondeurs. The same reign, which the French have designated as one of the great epochs in the history of mankind, by which the whole species was improved and dignified, produced, beside the massacre of the Hotel de Ville, the revocation of the edict de Nantes, the Dragonnades, the Camisards, the religious wars in the Cevennes, and the devastations of the Palatinate.

All the horrors which we have recounted, (and we have not given a single one which is not extracted from a French historian, and which does not rest upon French authority,) and an infinitely greater number, which we have spared our readers the pains of perusing, were committed.

Original Communications.

CLARE,

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT,

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—With much respect for your impartial review of Mr. John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant's poems, I venture to call his attention, through your pages, to the observations which I am about to make, that he may be further encouraged to pursue the celestial art of poetry, with the easiest and best success. It is well understood that many original geniuses have become ruined imitators by yielding their judgment to the voice of party criticism, and have sunk into oblivion under the pressure of envy and malice, as though originality should be clipped and toned into a particular school, intimating the unworthiness of genius being schooled by nature and operated on by inspiration. Whoever is versed in periodical literature knows how poor Keats was buffeted from one page to another, how much ill-nature was shed in lines of ink, and what rancorous spleen appeared in print,—because he was fostered by a political writer.

Fortunately, however, for classical and self-taught writers too, history presents a long roll of geniuses who have treated unjust criticism with that neglect which it has merited. Keats is an exception, but his constitution, like his taste, was delicate; like a rose-leaf, he was easily blown upward in his fancy, or driven downward by the sadness of his lonely spirit. Mr. Clare is otherwise. His genius is of the masculine order, from whose manly nature the sensibilities of feeling issue, but never more successfully than when he describes the crinkle of a primrose-leaf or the fluttering of love's confusion. His element is under a hedge, among the various grasses and herbs and mosses; whatever little object draws his eye in the sun-beam wins his admiration and love. His first conception is natural and striking; therefore, the crown of his hat aids his memory to paper; the lines are written, and require but little more embellishment or correction. The advantages of a thousand hallowed volumes of English poets, I conceive, would be of injury rather than service to him, for his poetic reading is already manifest, and imitation, however humble or elegant, will be the result; that

'Young Edwin was no vulgar boy;
and—Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.'

One reason, why so many strike 'their lyre in praise of poesy' is, that they partly acquire a good ear for rhyme, a correct method for the delivery of it, and attempt, but seldom produce, more than excellent verses. Mr. Clare is aware that poems, like timber, can be measured by feet, and finished off like picture frames, yet, if the timber be unsound at heart, or the frames without good pictures, neither the one nor the other are of much value. Poems should be skilfully put together, contain solid sentiments, and the most touching pathos of nature,—

'Divinely felt, to make another feel.'

Shakespeare, with a few original authors, should be the only ones worthy of great application. I believe Bloomfield's amiable muse was never much benefited by listening to the sound of 'read the poets!'—'study the A's down to the Z's,'

'Range them by day and meditate by night.'

This is an affectation for perfection, at which *soi-disant* critics have themselves failed. Who questions that Lord Byron is not, in some respects, the worse for his poetical reading? How many 'Deserted Villages' have been attempted since Goldsmith's career, yet unsuccessfully. The habitual reading of poetry alone is sufficient to make a poetaster feel his way through a monthly periodical. But, allowing one exception, I verily believe, now and then, a fine poem is scattered in periodical pages, far exceeding half, nay, four-fifths of puffed off published poetry; and I have often wished that a work were patronised by the literati to select the best pieces for 'after ages' from those which are destined for 'the soap and candles.' I would not keep Mr. Clare in ignorance of the silliness of some poets, the eccentricity of some, and the disproportionate nonsense of others; but I would not advise him to trust to the strength of their weakness, which is irretrievable, from vain notions and obstinate party considerations. If he march the fields with his eye directed to *nature* he will be *original*; if he closet himself and *imagine* nature, he will be an *imitator*. London has given birth to poets, but the country has made them. Edinburgh will produce a 'Pirate,' but his attributes have been drawn from the scenes of action. Ramsay and Burns danced with the shepherdesses and sung with hobbinols. Cunningham used to sit on the furrows, like Prior's 'Cupid's ploughboy,' and listen to the calm wanderings of the stream.

Morland loved to lean over bridges and broken trees, in *sober* abstraction, before he soiled his brush. Falconer had never written his 'Shipwreck' but for a tempest; Somerville the 'Chace' but for his actual experience in field sports; and Olney's harp might have been unstrung but for its attractive ruralities. Hence, if Mr. Clare will be great, and form a constellation for the heaven of eternity, let him read good *prose* with assiduous and ardent attention; let his mind be stored with a clear knowledge of things in and out of their nature; let him reason with truth and virtue: his beauties will touch the heart while they strike the eye, and do much towards refining the understanding, which is the spiritual essence of true poetry. Well then, after all, it will appear, that I would have him unacquainted with metrical authors, ancient and modern,—not so; I would warn him against the *danger* of the *shallows*, the rocks, and the storms: he may dip, but not meditate; skim, but not dive. He may consult, but only with a view of correcting his errors. He will have to occupy his niche in 'Fame's proud temple.' He should watch the ellipsis and the eclipses. The apostrophe is a very useful little fellow, but should not be abused. *That is* is preferable to *that's*; *against* to *'gainst*. A *hobbling* line is, like a lame ploughman, out of its place. *Inferior* is not full enough for three syllables at the close of a 'Sonnet.' Mr. Clare will comprehend me by re-perusing his works.* It is true, many provincialisms, with other eccentricities, might be brought forward, but his experience will tutor him to expunge them as he advances towards beatified love and eternal triumph.

Mus.

ST. PANCRAS NEW CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—I have renewed my visit to the New Church, St. Pancras, which is finishing very rapidly; and I think it necessary to state one more objection, omitted in my last communication: viz, the monsters' heads that are placing round the porticos of the vestry wings. I trust, Sir, the architect, in his good sense, will see the propriety of making some alteration in this respect, as also with the equivocal and grotesque *ornaments* over the altar before noticed, for, independently of their

* The trifles which I have mentioned are only intended as *examples* of *carelessness* and not as *injuriously* to the tenor of the volumes.

satirical effect, they but ill accord with the other parts of this structure.

With respect, I am, Sir, your's,
Oct. 13, 1821. ABACO.

ORIGIN

OF BURYING IN CHURCHES,
AND ON THE SOUTH AND EAST SIDES OF
CHURCH-YARDS.

UNTIL the time of Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose pontificate began in 740, and ended in 748, the custom of burying within the precincts of towns and cities did not prevail in England; and it was not until towards the Norman conquest, that persons, however great their rank, were buried in churches, unless it happened that they were removed thither, on account of their extraordinary sanctity, or in order to be reputed and worshipped as saints. Thus the body of Queen Adylthrydor St. Awdry, who died of the pestilence, 669, was translated into the church by her sister; and Bede tells us, that the Lichfield Prelate, St. Chad, was first buried near the church of St. Mary, but that when St. Peter's Church was built, his bones were removed thither, agreeably to the canon of King Edgar, which enjoined that no one should be buried in a church, whose life had not been a goodly one, and worthy of such a burial. The origin of the general custom, now prevalent, of burying in churches (a custom of which almost every one complains, though no one seems anxious to put a stop to it), appears to have been this. Persons, of an extraordinary sanctity, were first placed there as in the cases of St. Awdry and St. Chad. Founders and patrons, and other great persons, afterwards crept as near to the fabric as they could, some being laid in the porch; others in the entry of the cloisters; others in the cloisters themselves, before the chapter-house door; others in the chapter-house; and others in the sacristy. Sometimes the bodies were deposited in the wall, first on the outside (of which there is a remarkable instance at Lichfield) and then in the inside. In process of time, our ancestors began to form aisles, and to bury and establish chantries in them, after which they made free with the body of the church, and lastly, except in the cases of sanctity before mentioned, they had recourse (chiefly since the reformation) to the chancel. It appears, that, formerly, all persons of rank and fortune were laid in stone coffins, if we may judge from the number of them that

has been found; though Bede says, that St. Awdry was buried, according to her own request, in a wooden coffin. Her sister, Sexburg, however, who succeeded her as abbess, caused her bones to be taken up, after they had laid sixteen years in the grave, and placed in a stone coffin. As to later times, we learn from Thornton's Nottinghamshire, and Dugdale's Monasticon, that stone coffins were in general use, until the reign of Henry III. inclusive; from which period, down to Henry VIII. their use, according to Browne Willis, got gradually out of fashion. The partiality to the southern and eastern sides of a church yard, in the circumstance of burial, may, perhaps, at first, have partly arisen from the ancient custom of praying for the dead; for, as the usual approach to most country churches is by the south, it was natural for burials to be on that side, in order that those going to divine service might, in their way, by the sight of the graves of their friends, be reminded of them, and induced to offer up prayers for the welfare of their souls. Even now, since this custom of prayers has been abolished, the same obvious situation of graves may excite some tender recollection in those who view them, and silently implore 'the passing tribute of a sigh.' That this motive had its influence, may be concluded from the graves, which, in some instances, appear on the north side, when the approach to the church lies that way. Still, however, even on this case, the south side is well tenanted, and, consequently, there must have been some other cause for this preference. The supposed sanctity of the east is well known, and arose from the circumstance of our Saviour, the Sun of Righteousness, appearing in that quarter, with respect to us; from the tradition of his ascending to heaven eastward, from Mount Olivet; and from an universally received opinion, that he will re-appear in the same quarter at the last day. Hence the customs of building churches with one end pointing towards the east; of turning ourselves in some parts of our prayers, in that direction; and of being buried with our faces inclining that way. Perhaps an analogy was conceived to exist between the Sun of Righteousness and the material sun, from which, persons buried within the rays of the latter might have a better claim to the protection of the former. Whatever origin this preference to the south and east may have had, the fact is cer-

tain, and is corroborated by many records of ancient times; which mention that those who were reputed good Christians, lay towards the south and east, while others who had suffered capital punishment, or laid violent hands on themselves, were buried towards the north, a custom formerly much practised in Scotland.

AMERICAN NAMES.

OF all people who ever imposed names upon a newly-discovered country, the Americans have certainly been the most unlucky in their choice; witness Big-muddy River and Little-muddy River, Little-shallow River, Good Woman River, Little Good Woman Creek, Grind-stone Creek, Cupboard Creek, Biscuit Creek, Blowing-fly Creek, *cum multis aliis* in the same delightful taste. When this country shall have its civilized inhabitants, its cities, its scholars, and its poets, how sweetly will such names sound in American verse!

Ye plains where sweet Big-muddy rolls along,
And Tea-pot, one day to be famed in song,
Where swans on Biscuit and on Grindstone
glide,
And willows wave upon Good Woman's
side!
How shall your happy streams in after time
Tune the soft lay, and fill the sonorous
rhyme!
Blest bards, who in your amorous verse will
call
On murmuring Pork and gentle Cannon
Ball:
Split-Rock, and Stick-Lodge, and Two Thou-
sand Mile,
White-lime, and Cupboard, and Bad-hu-
mour'd Isle!
Flow, Little-Shallow, flow! and be thy
stream
Their great example, as it will their theme!
Isis with Rum and Onion must not vie,
Cam shall resign the palm to Blowing-Fly,
And Thames and Tagus yield to great Big-Lit-
tle-Dry.

THE WEST INDIA VIPER.

BY a report read before the Royal Institute of France, it appears that the great viper, called *Fer de Lance*, is one of the most dreadful scourges of the West Indies, but is found only in Martinique, St. Lucia, and another small island. This viper is so savage, that the moment it sees any person, it immediately erects itself and springs upon him. In raising itself, it rests upon four equal circles, formed by the lower part of the body; when it springs, these circles are suddenly dissolved. After the spring, if it should miss its object, it may be attacked with advan-

tage; but this requires considerable courage; for as soon as it can erect itself again, the assailant runs the greatest risk of being bitten. Often, too, it is so bold as to follow its enemy by leaps and bounds, instead of fleeing from him; and it does not cease the pursuit till its revenge is glutted. In its erect position it is so much the more formidable, because it is as high as a man, and can even bite a person upon horseback. M. Moreau de Jonnes was once riding through a wood, when his horse reared; and when the rider looked round to discover the cause of the animal's terror, he perceived a *Fer de Lance* viper standing quite erect in a bush of bamboo; and heard it hiss several times. He would have fired at it with his pistol, but the affrighted horse drew back so ungovernably, that he was obliged to look about for some one to hold him. He now espied at some distance, a negro upon the ground, wallowing in his blood, and cutting with a blunt knife the flesh from the wound occasioned by the bite of the same viper. When he acquainted the negro with his intention of killing the serpent, he earnestly opposed it, as he wished to take it alive, and make use of it for his cure, according to the superstitious notion of the negroes. He presently rose, cut some lianes, made a snare with them, and then concealing himself behind the bush, near the viper, he attracted his attention by a low whistling noise, and suddenly throwing a noose over the animal, drew it tight, and secured his enemy. M. Morreau saw this negro twelve months afterwards, but he had not perfectly recovered the use of the limb bitten by the viper. The negroes persecute these vipers with the greatest acrimony. When they have killed one, they cut off its head, and bury it deep in the earth, that no mischief may be done by the fangs, which are dangerous after the death of the animal. Men and beast shun this formidable reptile; the birds manifest the same antipathy for it as they do for owls in Europe, and a small one, of the *loxia* kind, even gives warning by its cry, that a viper is at hand.

Original Poetry.

HYMENIAL TRIUMPH.

EIGHT circles will form in our conjugal band
To-morrow, if life should be spared us;
And 'tis pleasant to think, that in heart and in
hand,
Our God has so equally paired us.

Three blossoms of five are yet opening their charms,

To delight and secure our affections ;
While peace is our comfort,—how gratitude warms

The past and the present reflections !

The world may revile, with vituperous tongue,

The loves of endearments united ;
But we'll never forsake our pure nest and our young,

So dearly and happily plighted.

PATER ET MATER.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

THE wind is roaring high and strong,

The cold this clime pervades ;

But Mercy leads the year along

As Summer's beauty fades ;—

And Agriculture stores the sheaf
Before the annual 'fall of leaf.'

The flower so innocent and sweet

Has vanish'd from the sight ;

The artizans of day retreat

In drear and lengthening night :—

For seasons gone and pleasures brief,
Hope, faith, and love, insure relief.

The mind is happy, great, and wise,

That thinks on change, and keeps

Reflection mellow'd for the skies,

Where nature never sleeps ;

Nor intervenes one pang of grief :—

Earth only shews the—'fall of leaf.'

Islington.

MARIA.

THE MINSTREL'S HARP.

THE way was steep, the ev'ning ray

Smil'd gaily in the west ;

And glanc'd athwart the ruin'd tower,

That crown'd the mountain's breast.

No hospitable warder now

Within the court was seen ;

No bowmen bent the trusty yew,

All clad in Lincoln green.

But Silence held her gloomy sway

Within the ample hall,

Whose fretted roof and storied pane

Now totter'd to their fall.

High on the wall the minstrel's harp

A mournful trophy hung ;

Whose chords had wak'd them to the tale

The aged minstrel sung ;

Had bade the eye at Percy's fate

With tearful lustre shine ;

And rous'd the soul of chivalry

To vindicate his line.

Peace to the minstrel's honour'd shade,

Peace to his ancient lore,

To thee each passing breeze shall sigh

'The minstrel is no more.' E. G. B.

EPISTLE

From a Lover in Prison to his Mistress.

FROM cells of deep solitude, mansions of care,
Where nought can be heard but the sighs of despair,

And nought can be seen but the taper's dull light,

And walls of my prison, most sad to my sight ;

Borne off by fell ruffians from those I hold dear,

The freedom of writing is all I have here ;

O! dearest of women, my bosom's delight,

Perhaps never more wilt thou bless my fond sight,

Perhaps never more shall thy Etheldred hear

Thy lips breathe the vow of affection sincere.

Perhaps never more in a kiss they'll meet mine,
Nor again thy fond arms round my neck will entwine.

Oh, painful remembrance of all my past bliss,
Full dear was my happiness purchas'd by this ;
Those arms that have oft been lock'd fondly in thine,

By power of my foe galling fetters confine,—

Those limbs that so often have borne me to thee,

That form which hath charm'd thee no longer is free ;

Yet here, even here, tho' oppress'd by my pains,
Tho' bent to the earth by the weight of my chains,—

Even here, in the mansion of sorrow and woe,
With transports of love my sad bosom can glow ;

Even here, in this dungeon, a prey to despair,

No friend to console or my sorrows to share,

A faint ray of hope in my bosom will gleam,—

So bursts from the heavens the sun's wat'ry beam,

When clouds from the westward its brightness deform,

And lightnings blue flashes foretell the dread storm !

When Fancy in slumber depicts to me

The fairest of things—the image of thee,

O then, dearest Emma, my woes are forgot,

My tortures, my prison, I care for them not ;

In thy tender embrace I am lovingly prest,

With thy kiss of true love, with thy smile I am blest ;

With rapture long lost my fond bosom now glows,

But the vision expires, and I wake to new woes:

Such, lov'd of my soul, is thy Etheldred's fate,

The offspring of sorrow, the victim of hate ;

Sure demons, in envy of all my past joy,

Were leagued in fell faction my bliss to destroy.

But hark ! the bolts draw, my tormentors appear,

I go to my pallet and drop the sad tear ;

They leave me, and, e'en my dull taper's withdrawn,

My sorrows they mock, and my anguish they scorn ;

Grown frantic, I lay me along the cold stones,

And hear the damp walls echo back my dull groans.

Ye tyrants, your tortures will soon be no more,

A few dreary hours and my sorrows are o'er ;

My soul from its prison will joyfully flee,

To realms where from sorrow and care all are free !

Farewell then, dear Emma, for ever adieu,

The last bursting sigh of my soul is for you !

SAM SPRITSAIL.

SONNET.—TO MYRA.

CYNTHIA is up ! and beautiful her light

Tips ev'ry leaf and dew-drop on the spray ;

How sweet with silv'ry gleam the gentle sight

Seems usher'd in by her resplendent sway !

Come, Myra, forth at close of this fair day,

Now the blest hours bring harmony and love,—

Whilst Philomel its soft enamour'd lay

Sings to the illuminated lamp above !

Where o'er the brightly blue ethereal plains

Venus by doves in silken car is driven,

The moon-beams of the night making her reins,

Guiding their course along the vaulted heaven !

O light divine ! whence purer pleasures flow,

Teach me thy light that I myself may know !

14th Sept. 1821.

HATT.

TO LOUISA G—N.

THOU little cherub, in whose smiling face

The happiness of infancy we see ;

In whose unclouded youthful brow we trace

No mark of more mature anxiety ;

How joyous are the moments of thy life,

Free from its care, its sorrows, and its strife.

Yet wherefore say I free : thy troubles, small

To us, perchance to thee great griefs appear ;

Or in the loss of thy rebounding ball

Or broken doll, which draws thine infant tear,

Or in the picture vanished from thine eye,
And mourned with many a deep-desiring sigh.

Alas ! the human life—it seems as though,

From infancy to age, all, all, were pain ;

Our pleasures fled before us, but to go—

Re-enter, but to disappear again ;

All, all obtained, we seek for something more,

And, in the search, lose that we had before.

Yet some I know there are, whose lot of pain

Is less than others,—a selected few,

Whom griefs assail not, whom no sorrows strain,

Who know the world, and knowing, enjoy it too ;

Who bask in life's bright sunshine, and ne'er know

The shame of poverty or pang of woe.

And oh, sweet infant, may such be thy fate,

To know alone the pleasures of the world ;

To see upon thee fix'd no eye of hate,

No lip contemptuous at thy sorrows curl'd ;

To hear no pampered scoffer jeer thy name,

And cast thee off to poverty and shame.

But may'st thou bask in wealth's refulgent beam,

Dispersed around by the immortal power,

With innocence the partner of thy dream,

And truth the tutor of thy waking hour ;

And may'st thou know of sorrow—but to see,

In happier light, thine own prosperity.

Farewell, sweet prattler, in thy sparkling eye

I read thy happy heart ; oh, may it be

As happy when maturer moments fly,

And woman boast an ornament in thee ;

And when old age creeps on, without a sigh,

May'st thou review past hours, and calmly die.

J. D. N.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—The spectacle of the *Coronation* has been so productive to the treasury of this theatre, that we are assured it will be followed by a pageant still more splendid, representing the principal events in the King's late visit to Ireland. Report says that Mr. Elliston has spent 7000*l.* in preparing this gorgeous spectacle, which is expected to eclipse any thing of the kind ever produced on any stage. The rivalry of the two great houses, for the present season at least, is likely to be the rivalry of expense only ; and as to those old fashioned amusements, called tragedy and comedy, they will, in all probability, be banished the stage altogether, or be left to be produced in the form of comic burlettas and melo-

dramas at the minor theatres. *Seven thousand pounds* for a single spectacle! How many deserving authors would half this sum have stimulated to use their best efforts in the legitimate drama; but this is a consideration which cannot be expected to have much influence with managers, who rather vitiate the public taste than try to correct it. If the present rage for spectacle continues, we may expect to see the whole *corps dramatique* dismissed, and succeeded on the stage by troops of soldiers and itinerant minstrels, who will answer all the purposes of public processions.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday night, this theatre exhibited a striking proof of the elegance, variety, and magnificence to which we have attained in stage decoration and stage effect. The play was the melo-dramatic opera of *The Exile*, written by Reynolds, and founded on Madame Cottin's charming novel of Elizabeth. This play was first produced in 1808, when the Covent Garden company were performing at the Opera House, and was at that time particularly fortunate in the performers. Mr. Young, who had previously attracted much notice at the Haymarket, confirmed his fame in the character of Daran. Mrs. Dickons, then in the zenith of her powers and popularity, was Katherine. The songs, which had been composed by Mazzinghi, afforded fine scope for her rapid execution, and the performance of this part was considered as one of her greatest triumphs. The other leading characters were in good hands, and the success of the play was most decided. The merit of the play or its success, were not, however, we suspect, the principal inducements for its revival; but, as the splendour and pageantry of an English coronation *had* been successful at this theatre, and was still popular at the rival one, the manager thought the *Exile* would afford him an opportunity to render the coronation of a Russian Empress still more splendid, with the pompous offices and processions of the Greek Church. We would speak of the actors, for Young, in Daran, was as fine as ever; Farren was the best Governor of Siberia that ever appeared on the stage; Liston, Fawcett, and Egerton were excellent in their respective parts; the Empress Elizabeth was imperially personated by Mrs. Faucit; Miss Foote was lovely in Alexina; and Mrs. Tennant made a very favourable *debut* in Ka-

tharine; but why do we talk of actors, for all their exertions, and almost the story itself, were lost in the gorgeousness of the spectacle. The whole of the scenery was of the most splendid description, and the coronation surpassed any thing we ever saw (the *real* coronation of his present Majesty excepted). The triumphal arch in the great square of Moscow—the gilded barrier which surrounds the stage—the sound of joyous trumpets and drums, intermingled with the distant thunder of artillery—the musicians, followed by guards, whose gorgeous plumes waved in their helmets, were all faithfully exhibited. The ecclesiastical dignitaries, with the sacred ensigns of their faith, followed. Deputations from the tributary states, with their banners, were succeeded by the foreign ambassadors, splendidly attired. The representative of England wore a mantle and star, with an immense plume of ostrich feathers in his hat. The Envoy of Tartary rode a beautiful horse, richly caparisoned. The Chinese ambassador was borne by a noble charger, and was attended by a train of horsemen. After the ambassadors came the young prince, and he was followed by Elizabeth, reclining in a lofty car of gold, lined with blue silk, under a most splendid canopy, and drawn by six horses, attended by grooms in imperial livery. The procession moved to the cathedral, which was truly a splendid scene. The main aisle stretched to a great distance, and, increased by the perspective art of the painter, terminated in a window richly illumined. The roof was hung with numerous lustres, and the floor was covered with crimson cloth. In the middle was the sacred font, and on the left the altar, on which was placed the imperial diadem. The ceremony was short; indeed, the scene was too dazzling to bear looking on for any time. The whole exhibition was of the most gorgeous and expensive description, and was received throughout with the loudest applause. Spectacle has certainly now reached its acmé, for we cannot conceive it to go higher than it has done in the revival of the *Exile*.

The farce of the *Lying Valet* followed, in which Mr. Meadows played the part of Sharp with great spirit and much comic effect.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The opera of *Rob Roy* has proved very attractive at this theatre; and, on seeing it a second and third time, our prejudices in favour of the former representation of

the principal character becoming more subdued, we were better able to relish the forcible delineation of Mr. Terry, whose conception of the character of the freebooter, though rather differing from our's, is likely to be very popular.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Chatterly made her first appearance in *Lady Teazle*, for her own benefit; and we have much doubt that there is an actress on the stage, at present, who would have played the character better. It was sportive but dignified; the humour was chaste, and the feeling without affectation.

On Thursday night, Mrs. Inchbald's comedy of *Every one has his Fault*, was performed for the first time this season. Although there are many comedies on the stage superior to this in dialogue, yet there is scarcely a better acting play, or one in which a more intimate knowledge of the stage is exhibited. Every incident, every word seems to tell; and the humorous scenes are succeeded by others of such deep pathos, that the audience are in smiles or tears at the will of the author. The part of Mr. Irwin was sustained by Mr. Conway, who gave a fine picture of the heart-stricken husband in scenes of such deep domestic affliction. In this character Mr. Conway displayed much true feeling; he was fully master of the character, and in every scene in which he appeared he played from the heart to the heart. Mrs. Chatterley, who excels in scenes of distress and tenderness, played the part of Lady Eleanor admirably. Terry, in one of the most admirable characters in human life, that of the peacemaker, Harmony, was quite at home, and Oxberry was a good Solus. The part of Sir Robert Ramble fell to a Mr. Johnson, from the Bristol Theatre, who made his first appearance on the London boards. His reception was highly flattering; but though possessing many requisites for the stage, and no ordinary share of talent, we confess we thought that he had mistook the character, and forgot that Sir Robert was a gentleman. Of the other characters little remains to be said; they were sufficiently well represented, and the comedy was received throughout with the most decided applause.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—A new burletta, called *Bruno*, has been produced at this elegant little house; it is a most laughable little production, and, with the other favourite pieces, has attracted crowded audiences nightly.

Literature and Science.

Lithography.—An experiment has lately been made to take off impressions from plants by lithographic printing, which, although it did not succeed so well as was desirable, leaves little doubt but this method may prove of considerable use to botanists.—A specimen of *Sibthorpia Europæa*, which was gathered several years ago in Cornwall, was, we understand, covered with lithographic ink, and impressed on the stone, from which several impressions were taken. There is a well-known method made use of for taking impressions of the leaves of vegetables by covering them with printers' ink, and then impressing them on paper. The benefit likely to arise from impressing plants on stone, is owing to the facility of multiplying copies much more accurate in some respects than a drawing can be expected to be.

Fish Flour.—The Indians (says M. Humboldt), in all the Upper Oroonoko, fry fish, dry them in the sun, and reduce them to powder, without separating the bones. I have seen masses of fifty or sixty pounds of this flour, which resembles that of cassava. When it is wanted for eating, it is mixed with water and reduced to a paste. In every climate the abundance of fish has led to the invention of the same means of preserving them. Pliny and Diodorus Siculus have described the fish-bread of the Ichthyophagous nations, that dwelt on the Persian Gulf and the shores of the Red Sea.

The Plague.—At a time when a fatal epidemic is making such ravages in Spain, it may be some satisfaction to know, that some time ago, Doctors Aubun and Lafont, physicians at Constantinople and Salonica, have discovered that vaccination is a preservative from the plague. Of six thousand adults vaccinated, none caught the contagion: even infants who were vaccinated, continued to suckle mothers who were labouring under the attacks of the plague, without being infected: and an Italian physician, who is studying in Turkey the symptoms of this dreadful complaint, inoculated himself with matter drawn from a person who had died of the plague, and afterwards underwent vaccination without the contagion developing itself, though he put himself in all possible points of contact with infected persons in the hospitals.

Recipe against Infection.—Forty-six grains of black oxide of manganese, in course powder, are to be put into a small strong glass phial, with an accurately ground-glass stopper, to which two drachm measures of nitric acid of 1400 specific gravity, and an equal measure of muriatic acid of 1184, must be added; replace the stopper, and secure the whole by inclosing it in a strong wooden case, with a good screw top, which, when fast, shall rest on the stopper, so as to keep it in its place. To use it, merely open the phial, with the nose averted, and replace the stopper as soon as the smell is perceived; repeat it, of course, occasionally, as you would any other fumigation. A phial so prepared, will last, instead of six months, several years; the mixture ought not to occupy more than one third of the bottle. Any chemist can furnish the ingredients.—This apparatus destroys all kinds of infection.

The forthcoming volume of that excellent annual publication, *Time's Telescope*, will contain an explanation of saints' days and holidays; with illustrations of British history and antiquities, notices of obsolete rites and customs, and sketches of comparative chronology and cotemporary biography; including astronomical occurrences in every month, and a diary of nature, explaining the various appearances in the animal and vegetable kingdoms; the whole being interspersed with amusing anecdotes, and illustrative and decorative extracts from our first living poets. An introduction to the study of conchology will be prefixed, with an accurately coloured plate of some of the most rare and beautiful shells.

Miss Macauley has a new work in the press, intitled 'Tales of the Drama.'

Mr. Brewer's 'Beauties of Ireland,' a work on which that gentleman has been engaged for a considerable time, is, at length, ready for publication; and we hope that the author of the 'Introduction' to the Beauties of England and Wales will satisfactorily answer a growing wish in the public, for information concerning an island long injuriously neglected by the antiquary and topographer. The work is to be published in parts, and is embellished with engravings by J. and H. Storer, after original drawings by G. Petrie, of Dublin.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

It was the custom with Aertgen, the painter, never to work on Mondays; but to devote that day with his disciples to the bottle. He used to stroll about the streets in the night, playing on the German flute, and in one of those frolics he was drowned in 1564.

Marriage Lottery.—It has often been said, figuratively, that marriage is a lottery; but we do not recollect to have met with a practical illustration of the truth of the simile before the following, which is a free translation of an advertisement in the *Louisiana Gazette*:—'A young man, of good figure and disposition, unable, though desirous, to procure a wife, without the preliminary trouble of amassing a fortune, proposes the following expedient to attain the object of his wishes:—He offers himself as the prize of a lottery to all widows and virgins under 32. The number of tickets to be 600, at 50 dollars each. But one number to be drawn from the wheel, the fortunate proprietor of which is to be entitled to himself and the 30,000 dollars.'—*New York American*.

At Dieppe, an Englishman is surprised by the appearance of female clerks, inspectors, and supervisors, who look to unloading of ships, keep an account of what is done, and give out the checks and certificates—all indicating the participation of the sex in that country, in the higher functions of life, and contributing to their importance and independence.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

We perfectly agree with Gulielmus as to Lady Morgan and her reviewers; but having dismissed her in the way of our vocation, we have no wish to return to the subject.

We question much that 'Question and Answer' will suit us.

Tragic Darby's first dramatic scene has not the effect on us which he seems to have anticipated.

The sentiment in Clío's song is faulty. Few lovers make a merit of their inconstancy.

We shall be happy to hear from E. G. B. in the way he proposes. We have not forgotten him.

M. Wildernesse will find a letter at our office.

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